

# The Round-Up

A Romance of Arizona

Novellized From Edmund Day's Melodrama

By JOHN MURRAY and MILLS MILLER

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"I'll settle this thing all right. All I ask is a few words alone with my wife."

Jack clasped Echo to his breast, as he begged this boon from the men who sought his life.

"No!" blustered Buck.

"Yes," ordered Slim quietly, but emphatically. "Mr. Payson, you'll give me your word you won't try to escape?"

"Yes," agreed Jack.

"His word don't go with us," shouted Buck.

Slim laid his hand on the butt of his revolver, ready to draw if necessary to enforce his command. Buck saw the movement and shouted to him: "Keep yer hand away from that gun, sheriff. You know I am quick on the draw." He significantly fingered his holster as he spoke.

"So I've heard tell," agreed Slim, hastily withdrawing his hand from his revolver.

Slim appeared to agree to the surrender of Jack to Buck and his punches, permitting them to deal with him as they saw fit. He fumbled in his left hand waistcoat pocket, pulling out a bag of tobacco and a package of rice paper. Ostentatiously he began to roll a cigarette. Then, with the quickness of a cat, his left hand was plunged in the inside right hand pocket of his waistcoat. Grasping a revolver by the muzzle, he deftly jerked it upward and seized the handle in its flight. He covered Buck McKee before that worthy realized what had happened. With his right hand Slim pulled the weapon which swung at his hip and aimed it at the other boys of the Lazy K. The guns moved up and down the line, backed by the sheriff's usually mild blue eyes, coldly steady now at the call to battle.

"I'll give you a lesson in pullin' guns, though," he declared, his voice as steady as his hands. "Don't move, Buck," he warned as McKee wavered, "nor any others of you. I'm playin' put out."



"I said gents," he repeated.

this hand alone. Buck McKee, you've been flirtn' with a tombstone for some time. Hands up, gents," he ordered, raising the pistols significantly.

"I said gents," he repeated when Buck McKee did not obey him with alacrity. The balked leader of the Lazy K outfit reluctantly held his hands aloft.

"Sagebrush!" called Slim.

"Here!" answered the foreman, covering a man with his revolver.

"Parenthesis!" summoned the sheriff.

"Here!" the man of the bowlegs replied as he drew his gun.

"Me, too!" cried Fresno, while Show Low came to the front with "An' likewise here!"

When the Lazy K outfit was thoroughly under subjection Slim stepped forward and said: "Now, gentlemen, if you please, you see, this here's my party, an' I regale it my way. Jack here gave his word to stay an' face this thing out. He's a-goin' to do it. I'm responsible fer him. Sagebrush, you will collect at the door such articles of hardware as these gentlemen has in their belts. I deputize you. Gents, as you walk out the do' you will deposit your weapons with Mr. Sagebrush Charley, the same to be returned to you when the court sees fit an' proper."

"You hain't goin' to let him"—Buck did not finish the sentence, for Slim, thoroughly aroused, shouted: "Buck McKee, if you say another word I'm goin' to kill you. Gents, there's the door. Your hosses are in the corral. Get!"

Preceded by some of the Sweetwater boys, the Lazy K outfit filed out, Sagebrush taking their guns as they passed him. Fresno and Parenthesis brought up the rear.

"He needn't think he'll escape. We're bound to have him," declared Buck.

"Are you goin'?" demanded Slim.

"No voice full of menace."

"Can't you see me?" sneered Buck.

Sagebrush relieved him of his gun as he passed, handing it to Fresno. Buck paused in the doorway long enough to lament: "Talk about hospitality. I never get in but what I am

put out."

Slim watched McKee from the window until he disappeared through the gate of the corral. Then, walking down to Jack, he took him by the hand.

"It'll be all right in an hour. Thank you, boys," Payson assured them.

"We all know you are the whitest man on the Sweetwater," assured Sagebrush, speaking for the punches as they left Jack a prisoner with Slim.

Speaking in a low tone, Jim asked Jack, "Where did you get that money?"

"Don't you know?" he asked in surprise.

"From"—

Jack nodded his head.

"I'll wait for you in the other room," said Slim.

"Maw, Polly—we all better leave 'em alone."

As the woman and the girl left the room the old ranchman paused at the doorway leading to the kitchen to advise his son-in-law earnestly: "I 'low you better tell her. It's best."

The two young people were left alone in the room in which they had passed so many happy hours to face a crisis in their lives. The day which had begun so sunnily was to end in darkest clouds. The awful accusation was incredible to Echo. Her faith in her husband was not shaken. Jack, she felt, could explain. But, no matter what the outcome might be, she would be loyal to the man she loved. On this point she felt wholly confident. Had she not pledged her faith at the marriage altar?

"Jack?" A volume of questions was in the word. Taking her hands in his and looking searchingly into her eyes, he said:

"Before I tell you what's been on my mind these many weeks I want to hold you in my arms and hear you say, 'Jack, I believe in you.'"

Echo put her arms about his neck and, nestling close to his breast, declared: "I do believe in you, no matter what circumstances may be against you. No matter if all the world calls you guilty, I believe in you and love you."

Jack seated himself at the table and drew his wife down beside him. Putting his arms about her as she knelt before him, he murmured, "You're a wife, a wife of the west, as fair as its skies and as steadfast as its hills, and I—I'm not worthy."

"Not worthy—you haven't—it isn't"—gasped Echo, starting back from him, thinking that Jack was about to confess that under some strange stress of circumstances he had slain the express agent.

"No, it isn't that," hastily answered Jack, with a shudder at the idea. "I've lied to you," he simply confessed.

"Lied to me—you?" cried Echo in dismay.

"I've been a living lie for months," relentlessly continued Jack, nerving himself for the ordeal through which he would have to pass.

"Jack," wailed Echo, shrinking from him on her knees, covering her face with her hands.

"It's about Dick."

Echo started. Again Dick Lane had arisen as from out the grave.

"What of him?" she asked, rising to her feet and moving away from him. "He is alive!"

Jack did not dare look at his wife. He sat with his face white and pinched with anguish.

The young wife groaned in her agony. The blow had fallen. Dick alive, and she now the wife of another man! What of her promise? What must he think of her?

"I didn't know it until after we were engaged," pursued Jack, "six months. It was the day I questioned you about whether you would keep your promise to Dick if he returned. I wanted to tell you then, but the telling meant that I should lose you. He wrote to me from Mexico, where he had been in the hospital. He was coming home. He inclosed this letter to you."

Jack drew from his pocket the letter which Dick had inclosed in the one which he had sent Jack telling him of his proposed return.

She took the missive mechanically and opened it slowly.

"I wanted to be square with him, but I loved you," pleaded Jack. "I loved you better than life, better than honor. I couldn't lose you, and so—"

(To be Continued.)

## Pet Dogs of the Egyptians.

Excavators in one of the ancient Egyptian cemeteries discovered the bodies of many pet dogs. One of the animals had ivory bracelets round its legs, while several had collars of twisted leather, one with a leather lead attached. The teeth of many of the dogs were in a noticeably bad condition, the result of idleness and unhealthy luxury.

## Tulips Like the Light.

Tulips are very sensitive to the light. During a cloudy day they will sometimes close their petals, and not open them until the sunlight returns.

## AND THE WOMAN INTERFERED.

She Wasn't Going to Let Any Flirtation Go on in Her Presence.

"I saw an odd case of interference with other folks' business the other day in the subway," said a young man. "A very pretty and young girl got in a local train on the upper West side. A couple of stations further on, in came a young man who sat where he could see the girl."

"She was good to look at, too. He caught her eye and apparently held her attention. Maybe it wasn't just the right thing for her to do, but after a time she moved her head and obviously tried to smother a smile."

"The young chap wasn't a bit backward and before the train got much further along he was sitting in the cross seat with the girl and chatting."

"There was a middle-aged woman in the car who apparently had watched the whole affair just as I had. The car was practically empty and the others in it were reading newspapers and hadn't paid attention to what was going on."

"First thing I knew the woman changed from one of the lengthwise seats and took her place in the very cross seat where the two were sitting. They didn't notice her until she leaned over and said something to the girl. I could just imagine from her looks that she was asking: 'Do you know this young man?'"

"The young girl flushed up, looked three times as pretty and the woman kept on talking and looking stern."

"The upshot of it was that the young fellow got out at the next station, apparently to hide his embarrassment, and the girl stayed where she was."

"After she'd broken up the little party the woman moved out of the seat and back to where she was before. It made me a little sore and I felt like asking her what business it was of hers. But then again it wasn't my business, either, so I didn't."—N. Y. Sun.

## Why Sperry Was Wrong

Rear Admiral Sperry, whose unruffled dignity and legal trend of thought has given him the reputation of a just officer, far removed from wardroom jokes, was watching with interest a party of children who were being shown over the flagship Connecticut while the fleet was here. To a lieutenant who stood by his side he remarked on the intelligence the children evinced in the questions they were asking.

"Yes, sir," the lieutenant replied. "They will tell their fathers and mothers about this for months to come," the rear admiral went on, unbending a little in his interest in the children.

"No, sir," replied the lieutenant.

"I say they will tell their parents about this when they get home," repeated the admiral.

"No, sir, they won't do that," replied the lieutenant.

"What do you mean?" asked the admiral, turning abruptly on the young officer.

"Beg pardon, sir; these are orphans."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## How to Shoot with a Revolver.

To begin sighting along the barrel of a six-shooter, as in target gallery practice, is a handicap to the man who wants to learn the art at its best. The hand and eye, of course, work together with all weapons and in all combats; but there is a difference between the eye-general and the eye-particular. The best form of boxing or fencing—that is what the use of the six-shooter means. You point your fist or your foil instinct. You cannot help pointing your finger directly and straight at any object, no matter how hard you try. Yet surely you do not sight down your finger. In the best work with the six-shooter, you point with the barrel just as you point with your finger, or really, you point with your wrist and forearm, and the six-shooter is the finger of your wrist, the lengthening of your arm. That is the theory and creed of the six-shooter.—Outing.

## Sudden Stimulus.

The villager rushed into the volunteer firehouse.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted, excitedly. "Lem Wheatly's barn is burning down."

"Oh, shucks!" yawned the captain, lazily. "We'll have to look up our red shirts and fire hats. Tell Lem we'll be there in an hour or so."

"But Lem's barn is burning and there be five barrels of hard cider stored in the loft."

"What's that? Five barrels of hard cider? Come on, boys! Every man to his post. We'll have that barn saved inside of 20 minutes!"

## Paradoxical.

"Study the careers of our successful men," said the person who gives advice.

"That's what I have been doing," answered the observant youth. "These investigations indicate that some of them succeeded by not knowing anything about their business."

## The Drinking Man.

"What caused Brown's death?" "Strange thing that—the doctors said it was water on the brain."

"Nothing strange about that. He never put any water in his stomach."

## Crippled.

Bill—Did you say your finances looked crippled?

Jim—Crippled? Why, say, they look as if they'd been in a football game! —Yonkers Statesman.

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## Probe Begins Today.

Moundsville, W. Va., Feb. 9.—The special legislative committee appointed to probe the charges of graft in the affairs of the West Virginia penitentiary began work at that institution today.

## THE MEAT OF IT.

Homer Cunningham, 21, was cut to pieces while attempting to board a fast train at Burbank, O.

Ashtabula (O.) police are wrestling with an epidemic of gun "toting" on the part of young schoolboys.

Mrs. Aaron Klier of Gibsonburg, O., is dead as the result of burns received when her apron caught fire from an ashpail.

Miss Blanche Walsh, the actress, is seriously ill in a Kansas City (Mo.) hospital.

Two persons were killed and a score seriously injured in a wreck on the Illinois Central, near Memphis, Tenn.

Youngstown (O.) Maccabees feasted on a pumpkin pie five feet in diameter.

Cleveland, O., has decided to make a systematic fight against the spread of tuberculosis within its limits.

## PRETTY FUR TOQUE.



Glossy black lynx, with dark rich red roses and a touch of foliage on right side, is the picturesque combination in this smart-looking toque. The shape is especially good and one may use any shade flowers.

To Hide Buttons on Corset Covers. Many women who have been at loss as to how to hide the buttons on corset covers so that they would not show through thin waists can plan to conceal them in this way.

Take as many strips of lace six inches long as there are buttons on the corset cover and join the two ends of each piece and make rosettes of them. Fasten them to the upper edge of each button hole. When the corset cover is fastened the buttons will be hidden by the rosettes.

A still better way of hiding the buttons is to sew a piece of insertion about an inch wide down the front of the corset cover over the button holes, sewing it down on one edge only, and that the edge that is farthest away from the corset cover. The garment can be easily fastened, for the insertion is sewed on in the form of a fly with the edge left loose.

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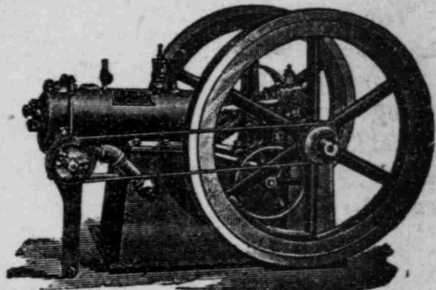
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